

PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY EVENING POST

Established Aug. 4, 1861. BEACON & PETERSON, Publishers.
No. 212 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

Price 25¢ A Year, in Advance. Whole Number Bound, \$2.00.
Single Number 25¢.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1865.

MY ELM TREE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY AUGUST BELL.

Every night against my chamber eaves
I can hear the elm tree's branches swinging;
In the dewy morn when birds are singing
From my window I can touch its leaves.

Dear old tree! It's bark is gnarled and rough,
Broad and high its stately boughs it reaches;
And by boughs and leaves sweet lessons
Teach.

To my heart whose needs are sad enough.

When my dreams seem fleeing far from me,
Or when by some cruel falsehood prest,
Then I, looking out, find peace and rest
In the cool green depths of my elm tree.

Where the little birds build quiet homes,
Where the tiny dewdrops brightly sparkle,
Where the summer breezes softly rustle,
And in flickering gold the sunshine comes!

How it braves the wintry storms and cold!
How it over growth up toward Heaven,
Nothing daunted, though so slow is given
Year by year new stature to uphold!

And its tender leaves, in crowds that yearly
Come out growing greenly in the sun,
And drop meekly when their work is done,
Have a meaning that may touch me nearly.

I, who often feel impatient grief
That my great dreams come so slow to me
Like the long, long growing of the tree,
What if I am only like a leaf!

God who knows may shortly cut the thread
Of this life before it reaches farther,
Choosing others for His great tree rather,
While like millions I'm unknown and dead.

But I think there's nothing here that grieves,
He holds all within His love so gracious,
Every little deed to Him is precious,
It is sweet to number with His leaves!

On Board the Imperial.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY BELLA Z. SPENCER.

I shall never forget that night upon the broad, shining waters of the Mississippi! The weary day had gone by, and with the evening shades, revived our flagging spirits, luring us to the pilot-house for social chat and music, spite of the danger lurking among the green leaves and blowing flowers upon the banks.

I well remember the picture as I took it then in my eye. The pilot stood at his wheel, apparently engaged in the management of the *Imperial* as she steamed royally over the flashing waves; but there was a half smile upon his lips, which betrayed a healthy enjoyment of the gay salutes of wit shooting around him. Below us, the water glowed with ruddy gleams of light, such as only can light up the beauties of the Mississippi to sunset radiance. Purple shades crept in with the gold and crimson along the green banks, and the monotonous, yet musical splashing of the waves under the vessel, helped to kindle the romance of our nature beyond the limits of total ratiocines.

We were a large party, and the little pilot-house was full. The captain sat at my side, holding the guitar which he had brought up from the cabin, with exemplary patience, while the first clerk finished a story he was relating to an officer's pretty young wife opposite. The others listened in amazement, or looked out upon the scene, as best pleased them. When it was ended, a song was called for unanimously.

I did not feel like singing, yet the sweetness of the hour made me obliging. I took the guitar and accompanied myself in a gay little song from "La Traviata," which met with such signal success as to seal my doom for the remainder of the evening. Duets, trios, and quartettes followed, and we entered into the spirit of what we sang, after awhile, most heartily. The sun was gone; the night deepened, and the moon rose calm and white over the still earth. Out upon the night, mingled with the rustle of the waves, floated the voices, and the woods caught the echoes to send them back faintly, when we swept by a hill in our steady steamer. By and by, I played only, while others sang, listening with all my soul alive and revelling in sweet sounds—listened till my arms ached, and my fingers fell limp among the strings of the instrument.

"Thank you, Mr.—" came from the pilot with a deep breath of satisfaction, as the music ceased. "I have passed many a night on this river, and have seen beautiful scenes; but no night has ever been happier and more beautiful than this. If I never see another, I shall not forget the pleasure this gives me."

Something in his last words struck me as sad, almost prophetic. As we made a curve round a bend in the stream, the moonlight fell full upon his face, and I saw that it was earnest, his dark eyes dreamy and sad. Yet as his glance met mine he smiled cheerfully, and again glanced at the guitar.

"It is a little thing to give so much pleasure."

"Our chief pleasures come from little things often."

"Yes. After all, though, it only speaks through some kindly hand—not of itself. A moment since, it almost brought tears to my eyes. Now it lies mute and lifeless," and he sighed.

Here a merry laugh rang out, and the captain's blue eyes turned roguishly upon the bronzed pilot.

"Romantic and sentimental, as I live! Why, Powell, what has come over you, man? You are not often guilty of such weakness."

"I guess it's the influence of the company I'm in," answered Mr. Powell, with a laugh.

"To be sure," broke in the pretty little creature opposite, whose soldier husband waited her at Memphis. "You forgot, captain, that the lady by your side is a 'Story Writer.' Oh, my! we must all look out, or the first thing we know, we shall all be in print!"

I laughed—perhaps was guilty of a slight blush, but thought to myself that they need not be afraid. Alas! that fair young creature little thought how soon the public prints would take her name and hear it far and wide over the country, or under what mournful circumstances.

"Can you tell stories as well as you write them?" asked the captain, turning to me.

"I do not know. The little ones at home used to think so, when they gathered about me in the twilight."

"They are good critics, and I have a childish fondness for stories myself. Ladies and gentlemen, I vote for a story. What say you? Something impromptu and original."

"Yes, a 'story,' a story, ran through the group, and I was pleased. It did not please me wholly, to be too 'up' as 'entertainer General' to the party, but I had nothing better to do, and the next moment smiled at the momentary feeling of annoyance the request had called up."

"I will gratify you on one condition," I said. "You are to believe what I shall tell you religiously, and at the same time acquit me of any element of superstition in my nature. I shall tell you a very marvelous story, if any at all."

"Oh, of course we will believe you, and not think you a bit superstitious. Marvelous stories are exciting. Pray let us have it at once."

The captain's tone was playfully mocking, but I leaned back in sober earnestness against the glass of the window, and began without preface, as the little incident drifted to my mind:

"I was quite a young girl when the event occurred which I am going to relate—perhaps not more than ten years of age. Timid I had never been. On the contrary, I was rather rash and fearless than timid. Old stories of 'ghosts' and 'hobgoblins' only made me laugh, while the faintest whispers of a mysterious thing, set me into a search for an *exit*. I generally inferred that there was a natural cause for everything, which a practical person might easily get at, with a little patience, and it was my delight to unravel mysteries and have a good laugh at the expense of others.

"One night our house was crowded with guests from the country, who had come into our little town to attend a 'protracted meeting,' as it was called there. These 'meetings' generally lasted a week—two, and sometimes three, were added, if the excitement could be kept up—and now every available chamber was brought into use for the guests, until this interesting time should be over.

"I had been promoted from the nursery to a dear little white chamber of my own, but had to give it up to two young girls on this occasion, and share my sister's lower down the corridor. The door to it opened from the first landing above the main hall, and the light from the hall lamps lighted it brightly, so I was in no hurry to get up-stairs on account of the gas being extinguished above.

"The family, save my mother, were all at church that night. She remained at home to tend a little baby brother who was ill, and as my father was absent, my thoughts constantly turned to her until the excitement in the church completely absorbed my childish interest.

"When it was over I stole away from the others, and as it was but a little distance, ran home and hid myself in the recess of a window, where I sat thinking over the scene and trying to get rid of the doleful sounds of weeping and lamentation which still rang in my ears.

"No one found me out. After awhile they went up stairs, and I could hear the merry little peals of laughter peculiar to young girls when three or four get together, floating down stairs now and then. Gradually all grew still. A servant came and put the lights out in the parlor. Still I sat where I was for some time till every one except mamma was asleep, indeed; then I stole softly up to sister Lillie's room.

"As I opened the door a long line of light fell across the carpet. As hers was extinguished, I left the door open in order to see where to put my dress when I disrobed, and sprang thoughtlessly into bed without closing it. Lillie was tired and slept well. She had not heard me, as I moved about softly, and just as I was going to lay my head upon the pillow I brought me of the door.

"'Pshaw,' I said, and a little flash of annoyance came over me. 'I have left the door open and must get up again to close it. What a silly little girl!'

"One more moment and I should have been upon the floor had not an object attracted my attention which presented the quick movement I contemplated. A large cat came upon the threshold, crossed the bar of light and stood out in the darkness of the room. I then perceived that the creature had innumerable eyes, at which I gazed steadily in wonder, but with no thought of fear. I even laughed a little, but, amused laugh at the 'funny Tommy' which had so suddenly made its appearance. I could remember no cat in the neighborhood so large as this one; certainly none with so many eyes; and while I was laughing myself over it, though it did not go out at the door.

"As I went to the door to close it, I heard the sharp cry of my little pilot brother from mamma's chamber on the first floor. She had let the nurse go home that night, and with the thought that she might want assistance with the sick child I went below. I found her sitting in a large chair hushing Nellie to sleep again when I entered. I told her what I came for, and sat down beside the grate, in which a pleasant little fire glowed brightly. Pretty soon Nellie was deposited upon my bed, and mamma drew her chair nearer the grate. She seemed wearied and sad, scarcely noticing my presence as she rocked herself back and forth gently.

"While I sat watching the flickering light upon her pale, sweet face, the soft, distinct pat of little feet fell upon my ears. I turned my head involuntarily and saw the great cat spring from the lower stair through the open door, and walk directly toward me. As it passed, I noticed that the color was gray, barred with black stripes around the body. Brushing against my side as it passed the creature walked up to the wall, turned around and lifting itself upon its feet rabbit fashion seemed to brace its back against the marble most determinedly.

"Filled with wonder and amazement, I took up the poker and touched it. To my astonishment it resisted me like a stiffed figure, without life or motion. A cry of surprise and consternation burst from my lips.

"'Mamma! see what a strange cat! I saw it up stairs awhile ago. Now it is here. Just take the poker and see what an odd thing it is.'

"Mechanically she took the poker into her hand and touched it, an amazed smile upon her lips. But the same instant a shade of surprise passed over her features, and she bent an earnest look upon it which doubly excited my wonder. My mother was no timid, visionary woman, but earnest, sound and practical. I could trust her face as I trusted God's beautiful sunshine, as an indication of genuine Nature's blessings and good will to man; therefore her swiftly changing features told me of alarm as well as surprise.

"In a moment she checked herself suddenly and leaned back in her chair.

"'Child, go to bed! Why do you sit up so late? I ought at once to have sent you back, for you ought to have been asleep two hours ago.'

"'But the cat?' I said persistently. 'Isn't it queer?'

"'Queer! what can there be in a cat that can be called "queer"?' My child, go to bed and trouble yourself no more about such silly things.'

"I obeyed her from a habit never to hesitate in this—always to me pleasant-duty. I loved my mother fondly, and her word was law. But as I went up stairs it occurred to me that she sent me off merely to prevent my growing excited over a really mysterious thing. She had always taken pains to root all fear and superstition from our natures. I had often heard her say that nothing could pain her more than to see a child of hers growing up a coward, either morally or physically.

"I had not more than reached the chamber before that strange thing—cat, or whatever it might be—was beside me. I heard it pat, pat, pat up the stairway, and then it touched my garments as it passed. You may not believe me, but I closed the door and went to bed, absorbed in thought of my strange visitor, but not at all frightened. Once or twice I looked out of my nest to catch the gleam of those kindling eyes, but it was gone—at least it was not visible to me.

"On the following morning, I, of course, told the story to the others of the family, and got well laughed at for my pains. A vivid imagination had always been imputed to me, and in the face of all my fearlessness and freedom from superstition, they would insist upon it that I had been 'deep in some of my wild legends from the German,' and that my imagination had played me a trick upon the strength of them." Expostulations were vain; they only laughed the more. In despair I appealed to mamma, but she only shook her head and smiled. Thus bereft, I became proudly silent, till on the succeeding night, when the same 'vision' appeared to me. At the first glance I started up in bed and called out to Lillie. I had not expected to see it again, and the sight rejoiced me, as I thought it would prove that all was not attributable to my 'legends' and my 'imagination.'

"'You will find a good substitute for all you have met on this trip,' I smilingly said, looking down at her till the quick blood leaped to her cheeks in crimson spots, and a glad light beamed from the blue eyes.

"'Yes,' softly and tenderly. "I shall find my own dear husband." Tone and words said: "All my world," in the frank language of a child.

"When she was sweetly sleeping hours later, I still sat inside of my state room door, but looking through it and out into the calm night. I could not sleep, and my restless wakefulness made me inexplicably sad. The thousands of stars beaming from a clear sky above, were but as pitying eyes bent upon the earth, now the scene of contention and war such as history had never recorded. I was thinking of the many desolated homes; the many crushed hearts whose hopes had gone out with the red tide of wavy young blood upon many battle-fields. Even that river, could it yield up its secrets, would tell tales of sorrow and bereavement almost surpassing cruelty.

"A sudden grating sound made me look out towards the shore. The *Imperial* had landed for wood, and in a moment more, the crew had planted a blazing torch upon the lower deck, by

the light of which they worked steadily till the huge pile of dry timber had dissolved.

"Lying over the guards, I watched the rough, unsmooth flames as they passed between me and the reddish light, thoughts of dead strange, wild scenes in the "Fire-Ship" passing through my mind. While I lay in, a hand in the water just beneath me, called my name to the spot, and I saw the figure of a man 200 yards from the water to the deck. It might have been one of the crew, who had taken an impromptu bath; but it did not seem quite likely. There was a consciousness and silence in its movements suspicious, to say the least, and he had glided from sight too quickly to satisfy me that all was right. All my restlessness had gone in a moment. Ideas and visions floated away. There was necessity for immediate action, and I went straight to the stewardess to wash, and send her to the captain.

"Contrary to my expectation, she was sleepy and worn, uttering a prompt refusal to be bothered with dim white-foliated whisks." He went away, resolved to find the captain myself, and tell him what I had seen.

"The *Imperial* was underway again, when I went out upon the guards. With steady clang the ponderous wheels began to move, propelling us swiftly down the stream. In a few moments the captain passed up the guards to ascend to his room in the Texas, and as he neared me I accosted him with my brief story. He listened with attention, and went immediately below to institute a search; but nothing being found, he soon came back, smiled a little at what he evidently considered my womanly timidity, and bidding me good-night a second time, bowed himself into obscurity.

"The predilection of doing evil grew strong upon me—so strong that I was angry at the seeming indifference displayed by the captain. The sentinel still paced upon the lower deck, and the whole crew was there. Still I was unshod and sat down upon the side of my berth in thought. That evil was near, I well rather feared. But the shape did not die itself in my mind. Speculation did not avail me in rendering the matter any clearer, as the hours sped by, and I should at length have retired, endeavoring to forget my restlessness, had not a singular odor penetrated my state-room just as I rose to retire.

"Softly unclosing my door, I looked out and saw a thick cloud of smoke rising along the side of the *Imperial* from the lower deck. That instant, I knew that the vessel was on fire, but even then, paused to assure myself. By leaning over the guards, I could faintly see through the smoke, a red glare, and a line of flame leaping along a quantity of hay which was stored away in large bales on deck. Near these were some barrels of oil which I remembered to have seen when visiting the machinery below, and this had taken fire. Though I had passed the space of a minute, the terrible element was making rapid leaps toward the cabin, while the confusion on deck had become awful. The men shouted hoarsely, while the horses plunged in mad fright, screaming with almost human voices in their agony.

"I have always thanked God for presence of mind during moments of danger, and it was not denied me in that awful time. In less than a minute I had thrust my purse into my bosom, dropped all superfluous portions of dress, and taken off my shoes. The next thing was to tie on a life preserver which hung by my berth, and then to run to the other state-rooms. I knew by the commotion that the inmates had been awakened, and it was now my purpose, having prepared myself to aid them all in my power.

"The scene which met my gaze in the next moment beggars description. The state-rooms were vacated, the inmates rushing out into the corridor, pallid with fright, and giving vent to such screams as never before greeted my ears. The fatal truth had spread already, and the word "fire" quivered upon every lip. The gentlemen had rushed out also, without dressing, save in their pantaloons; and many were as feeble and helpless in their fright as the ladies. I saw at once that little help could be expected from them.

"Friends," I cried earnestly, "try to calm yourselves for a moment and act. Let each lady tell about herself the life preserver in their rooms. Do not try to save any baggage or articles of dress. Life is worth more than all these, and we must take to the water. Be quick, and do it without confusion. I will help you."

"Some obeyed readily; others fell helpless to the floor, while a few rushed about wildly, screaming, not knowing which way to go. Amidst the clamor and confusion, I made myself understood sufficiently to give direction to their movements.

"Go to the stern of the boat and stand still. The fire is nearer the bow, and you cannot escape forward, even if you succeed in running to the shore. Those who cannot swim will have to be taken off in the boats. But for your lives do not run about so confusedly. You expose yourselves to the danger you would avoid."

"All now burst through the door, and I hastened to find Mrs. Nelson, the officer's wife, whom I had missed in the excitement. She was lying upon the floor of her room in a deep swoon. To seize a life preserver, tie it around her waist, and

and then And when from a book in her hand, was the work of a master. The group, snatched up and bound in my hand.

"I'll go on," said he, "as far as I could. I'm in danger, but a little care may save us all. I can swim, and with this life preserver on, you cannot sink, so if we get into the water, as we must, I will help you to the shore. Only be calm, and do not let fright unnerve you."

The change in me like a child, while I half carried, half led her out.

But what folly to hope for reason in a moment like that! With all their efforts, they could not run the dangerous vessel ashore, before the whole of the lower deck was enveloped in flames, now leaping in great red tongue along the guards, till the heat scorched us. The boats had been cast to the water, and one man, braver and stouter than the others, seemed to have taken into his hands the management of them. The captain, in despair of saving us by other means, had by this time made his way back to the stern of the vessel, and began to lower the ladies into the boats.

The first two boats went ashore safely, but as the fire roared nearer, the people grew more mad and frantic, leaping into the water headlong. Holding Mrs. Nelson by the hand to keep her back, I saw them go down—rise, sink again, and rise struggling. Some struck out for the shore; others went down to rise not again, swallowed up by the waves, now lashed into billows by the rocking of the vessel. Suddenly, with a wild plunge, Mrs. Nelson escaped my grasp, and leaped down to the water. I saw the flutter of her white night-robe for a moment, then followed her. My heart was in it. I thought of the waiting husband at Memphis, and for his sake resolved to save her if it was in human power. Yet as I rose to the surface of the water, I could scarcely buffet the strength of the troubled waves, and it was a minute before I saw her. She had risen a second time, and quite near me. The force of the water drove her under, but could not keep her there with the life-preserver on, and I took courage. By a few strokes I reached the little white form, and bore her up with one hand.

A glad cry burst from her white lips, now vividly lighted up by the burning steamer. Her eager, wild eyes were fixed upon me with a look I can never forget. Both little hands grasped me like a vice.

"Don't do that!" I gasped. "Let go, and trust yourself to me. We are near the shore, and the current is not strong. You must lie still—I will swim out with you. But if you do not obey I must let you go, or both will be drowned."

With a still more frightened look, she released me, resigning herself to my care. I would have died to save her then, in her child-like beauty and helplessness. With one hand I kept hold of her, floating her along as I swam, and slowly neared the bank. It was laborious work, but the glimpse I caught of her sweet white face, nerve me afresh, and gave new impetus to my motions. Six yards more would have landed me safely, when a long black oblong drifted directly across us. I could see that it was ponderous, but could not tell what it was. The end struck. Mrs. Nelson's temple with a dull, heavy sound, driving her against me forcibly, but with the quick instinct of self-preservation, I dived beneath, bearing her down with me. We rose beyond by a little more than a yard, and a few more strokes brought me to the land.

Fortunately the steep bank at that point had been worn down in ruts, and afforded me a species of steps by which I endeavored to mount to the level earth. Mrs. Nelson was a dead weight, and, wearied with the double effort of swimming and taking care of her, it was a minute before I could recover strength to proceed, and rested myself upon the end of a log lying on the edge of the water. I thought my charge had fainted, and just then a shadow concealed her face from me. But as soon as I could get breath fairly, I took her arms, and placing them round my neck, clambered up the bank. Then I was so intent upon success, I scarcely heeded the weight of the tiny figure which I held with one hand while assisting my self with the other.

A moment's hard labor brought me to a place of safety, and I laid my burden down upon a little grass-plot. The flames rose high and fiercely now, and the water was still full of the struggling passengers. The captain had leaped from the guards, and I saw him swimming toward me, a figure held above water by one arm. But all seemed to have been rescued from the steamer. Not even one of the crew was left. All had leaped to the water and made for the shore. With a great sigh of relief, I bent down over Mrs. Nelson.

There was no sign of life. The pale face was uplifted, every feature lighted up by the glare from the fated *Imperial*. A second glance showed me an ugly black mark upon the temple, where that thing had struck her, extending back under the hair. On closer examination, a deep dent in the skull struck a chill to my heart. I felt her pulse—her heart. They were still. In my very arms, so near to safety that my heart had beat with grateful thanks, she had been snatched dead in an instant!

I could not help it then. All the pent up feeling which I had resolutely locked within my own bosom burst forth now, and on my knees beside her I sobbed bitterly. I had done all I could—exhausted my strength to save this one, and in the last moment failed. Now with bowed head I heard as in a confused dream the roar of the flames—the cries of the people—the lashing and hissing of the water as the flaming objects fell into it. I only raised my head when more fearful excitement broke forth, and a look at the burning steamer revealed to my startled gaze the pilot, Mr. Powell, standing still at his post, now powerless to help himself. He had labored to the last vainly trying to land the steamer, but deserted by all the others, found it impossible to accomplish his purpose. Now he stood with wistful eyes, looking down from his perch, while the smoke and flame curled around him.

"Jump into the river, Powell!" shouted the captain, who had just landed, panting. But the advice was vain. There was no path left by which he could reach the side of the boat without rushing into the fire itself, and the next moment he was hidden from sight.

At this moment the steamer trembled violently—gave a great leap forward, and scattered thousands of burning fragments into the air. The boiler had exploded, and poor Mr. Powell was in eternity.

I could dwell upon the horrors of that night longer. Just at day dawn, those left of us, were taken on board another steamer bound for Memphis, and I had Mrs. Nelson conveyed to my

room that I might take her to her husband. An hour or two would bring us to that point, and I knew that I was able to do this much for him at least.

Others of the dead formed the complete list on that sad passage. A dozen, and more lay silent upon the deck—the stiff bodies of their figures showing through the white folds chillingly.

When we landed at Memphis there was a rush on board from the wharf, and then—oh! what a scene! I could not bear to witness it. In my room, with that little figure laid out upon the berth where I had composed her in that last sleep, I sat down and waited until a hand fell on the door, and a pallid face shone in upon me. I knew whose it was. He was searching for her, and with one fearful groan fell upon his knees at her side as I pointed to the bed. I had heard her describe him, and his captain's uniform confirmed the impression in the moment he came, of his identity as her husband.

Greatly I drew the sheet from her face, then slipped from the room through the door opening upon the guards. I heard his sobs, deep, fearful, heart-breaking—as I stood outside, and the tears ran down my cheeks like rain. It seemed then as if my heart must break.

Later, he came to thank me for what I had done; but I only added to the pain I suffered.

I am afraid I felt rebellious, and ill disposed to acknowledge the blessing of the life spared to myself.

Those that followed were sad days at Memphis. Some were buried in a strange land, others embalmed and taken home. Some were so badly burned that they died soon after, while a few suffered for weeks ere they recovered. Mrs. Nelson was one that was buried there, and I thought of the waiting husband at Memphis, and for his sake resolved to save her if it was in human power. Yet as I rose to the surface of the water, I could scarcely buffet the strength of the troubled waves, and it was a minute before I saw her. She had risen a second time, and quite near me. The force of the water drove her under, but could not keep her there with the life-preserver on, and I took courage. By a few strokes I reached the little white form, and bore her up with one hand.

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At this moment the steamer trembled violently—gave a great leap forward, and scattered thousands of burning fragments into the air. The boiler had exploded, and poor Mr. Powell was in eternity.

I could dwell upon the horrors of that night longer. Just at day dawn, those left of us, were taken on board another steamer bound for Memphis, and I had Mrs. Nelson conveyed to my

room that I might take her to her husband. An hour or two would bring us to that point, and I knew that I was able to do this much for him at least.

Others of the dead formed the complete list on that sad passage. A dozen, and more lay silent upon the deck—the stiff bodies of their figures showing through the white folds chillingly.

When we landed at Memphis there was a rush on board from the wharf, and then—oh!

what a scene! I could not bear to witness it. In my room, with that little figure laid out upon the berth where I had composed her in that last sleep, I sat down and waited until a hand fell on the door, and a pallid face shone in upon me. I knew whose it was. He was searching for her, and with one fearful groan fell upon his knees at her side as I pointed to the bed. I had heard her describe him, and his captain's uniform confirmed the impression in the moment he came, of his identity as her husband.

Greatly I drew the sheet from her face, then slipped from the room through the door opening upon the guards. I heard his sobs, deep, fearful, heart-breaking—as I stood outside, and the tears ran down my cheeks like rain. It seemed then as if my heart must break.

Later, he came to thank me for what I had done; but I only added to the pain I suffered.

I am afraid I felt rebellious, and ill disposed to acknowledge the blessing of the life spared to myself.

Those that followed were sad days at Memphis. Some were buried in a strange land, others embalmed and taken home. Some were so badly burned that they died soon after, while a few suffered for weeks ere they recovered. Mrs. Nelson was one that was buried there, and I thought of the waiting husband at Memphis, and for his sake resolved to save her if it was in human power. Yet as I rose to the surface of the water, I could scarcely buffet the strength of the troubled waves, and it was a minute before I saw her. She had risen a second time, and quite near me. The force of the water drove her under, but could not keep her there with the life-preserver on, and I took courage. By a few strokes I reached the little white form, and bore her up with one hand.

A glad cry burst from her white lips, now vividly lighted up by the burning steamer. Her eager, wild eyes were fixed upon me with a look I can never forget. Both little hands grasped me like a vice.

"Don't do that!" I gasped. "Let go, and trust yourself to me. We are near the shore, and the current is not strong. You must lie still—I will swim out with you. But if you do not obey I must let you go, or both will be drowned."

With a still more frightened look, she released me, resigning herself to my care. I would have died to save her then, in her child-like beauty and helplessness. With one hand I kept hold of her, floating her along as I swam, and slowly neared the bank. It was laborious work, but the glimpse I caught of her sweet white face, nerve me afresh, and gave new impetus to my motions. Six yards more would have landed me safely, when a long black oblong drifted directly across us. I could see that it was ponderous, but could not tell what it was. The end struck. Mrs. Nelson's temple with a dull, heavy sound, driving her against me forcibly, but with the quick instinct of self-preservation, I dived beneath, bearing her down with me. We rose beyond by a little more than a yard, and a few more strokes brought me to the land.

Fortunately the steep bank at that point had been worn down in ruts, and afforded me a species of steps by which I endeavored to mount to the level earth. Mrs. Nelson was a dead weight, and, wearied with the double effort of swimming and taking care of her, it was a minute before I could recover strength to proceed, and rested myself upon the end of a log lying on the edge of the water. I thought my charge had fainted, and just then a shadow concealed her face from me. But as soon as I could get breath fairly, I took her arms, and placing them round my neck, clambered up the bank. Then I was so intent upon success, I scarcely heeded the weight of the tiny figure which I held with one hand while assisting my self with the other.

A moment's hard labor brought me to a place of safety, and I laid my burden down upon a little grass-plot. The flames rose high and fiercely now, and the water was still full of the struggling passengers. The captain had leaped from the guards, and I saw him swimming toward me, a figure held above water by one arm. But all seemed to have been rescued from the steamer. Not even one of the crew was left. All had leaped to the water and made for the shore. With a great sigh of relief, I bent down over Mrs. Nelson.

There was no sign of life. The pale face was uplifted, every feature lighted up by the glare from the fated *Imperial*. A second glance showed me an ugly black mark upon the temple, where that thing had struck her, extending back under the hair. On closer examination, a deep dent in the skull struck a chill to my heart. I felt her pulse—her heart. They were still. In my very arms, so near to safety that my heart had beat with grateful thanks, she had been snatched dead in an instant!

I could not help it then. All the pent up feeling which I had resolutely locked within my own bosom burst forth now, and on my knees beside her I sobbed bitterly. I had done all I could—exhausted my strength to save this one, and in the last moment failed. Now with bowed head I heard as in a confused dream the roar of the flames—the cries of the people—the lashing and hissing of the water as the flaming objects fell into it. I only raised my head when more fearful excitement broke forth, and a look at the burning steamer revealed to my startled gaze the pilot, Mr. Powell, standing still at his post, now powerless to help himself. He had labored to the last vainly trying to land the steamer, but deserted by all the others, found it impossible to accomplish his purpose. Now he stood with wistful eyes, looking down from his perch, while the smoke and flame curled around him.

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1864.

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June 10, 1862.]

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY COSMO.

Brazilian Confidence—Credit—Curious Customs—Southern Land Hills—Pampers—Moving Deposites.

I think I have said somewhere something to the effect that in all the cities and larger commercial towns of Brazil, where the population is a mixed multitude, representing all European nationalities, with an inevitable sprinkling of Yankees, the native Brazilian character deteriorates by contact with antagonistic elements.

The born Brazilian always loses, by contact and intercourse with foreigners, as the red savage does by associating with the white man. They lay hold of our vices, and add them to their native stock, rejecting any virtues we may happen to possess.

The difference is a social point of view between a Brazilian of a coast city and a countryman or a villager of the interior as is marked as is that between the swaggering, loud-mouthed blathering young "bloods" of our great cities, and the quiet, orderly, well-behaved young gentlemen of the rural regions.

One of the most conspicuous of all the characteristics of the Brasiliere of the interior is his perfect and entire confidence in the integrity of all with whom he has any pecuniary or social intercourse. Infinitely honest himself he never dreams of doubting another, never seeks his neighbor's security or a written acknowledgment of indebtedness, never dues a debtor, because of his confidence in him, and the belief that the obligation will be religiously discharged at the earliest possible opportunity.

He has some indistinct idea that there are dishonest people, and even thieves in the world. But somehow he doesn't think that there are any among his acquaintances or living anywhere so near him as to prove in any wise troublesome neighbors.

I was for a year or more on terms of intimacy with a manufacturer of shoes, saddles, and horse trappings, carrying on his business very extensively in a village of considerable size and importance, about fifteen leagues back in the interior from Santos. Senor Martius employed usually a hundred hands in the various departments of his establishment, and all these men he paid off in gold or silver every Sunday morning. His office and bank was a little square adobe building occupying the centre of a court that was surrounded on all sides by work-shops, and his safes were two drawers in a great cedar table in his office, and in these drawers there was always lying shelves full of gold and silver coin. Not a look on the drawers or the doors of the office, the windows almost always open, and half the time not a soul about the office—never at night—not watch, and three-quarters of all those operations working, living, and sleeping always within a few yards of that table.

One day when I saw the great drawers nearly half filled with coin I said to the proprietor:

"Senor Jose, do you never have any fear that some of these people may rob you?"

He looked at me quite astonished.

"Why should they rob me, Don Carlos? I always pay them. They have no cause."

That was all the secret. The obligation was mutual between employer and operatives. They labored for Do^r Jose, and he paid them. Why should they rob him?

Thus is the integrity of Brazilian society in the interior maintained in its beauty. Every one has confidence in every one else in all social and business relations, and so there is rarely found one rockie enough to break through a rule as arbitrary in its retribution as it is Christian-like in its principles.

The amount of all business transactions of all descriptions is about equally divided between the cash and credit system. The basis of credit is totally different from that of our country or any other of which I have any knowledge. An individual applies to us for credit, and we apply ourselves to the finding out of his real or apparent responsibility before we trust him. There is not an atom of confidence in the affair, and the tendency is to create dishonesty. To begin by doubting a man's integrity is not the surest means of insuring a continuance of it.

A Brazilian of the interior never puts to the customer, "Have you got property?" Can you give me security? Will you pay me in three, six, nine months, or a year?" He knows the man is going to pay for what he gets when it will suit him to do so, and as that time will also suit himself, there are no questions to be asked or answered. The applicant gets what he requires, and goes about his business. I have a thousand times seen goods sold on credit, and money loaned to parties, whom the seller or loaner never saw before in his life. No risk about it. Not an atom. Just a memorandum and the debtor's name—no matter about his residence or condition. That is unimportant. The obligation will be faithfully discharged.

It is better never to betray the confidence of these people. The results are usually exceedingly uncomfortable. I knew an instance that will serve as an illustration.

In Portalegre, the capital of the province of Rio Grande, a young foreigner—I am sorry to say he was a countryman of mine—went into business, that with industry, energy, and the tact he possessed, he could not have failed to make a fortune in. But he neglected it after a year or so, got to living extravagantly, ran in debt to everybody, and then thought to swindle his creditors by running off and leaving them to whittle for their money. But the gentleman made a mistake. There was no law for the collection of debt, and they couldn't stop him that way. But there was a way, and they availed themselves of it.

Any one intending to leave the province was obliged to advertise his intentions three days, either in the newspaper or by written notice publicly posted at the office of the *Delegado*. Mr. Monroe compiled with the requirements of the law, and the creditors put in their objections to his going. Passports for himself and wife were refused, and there he was a prisoner at large in Portalegre, and Portalegre soon became something more than purgatory to Mr. Lewis Monroe and his innocent wife. Poor girl, I pitied her.

It soon got so, that let him make his appearance in public when and where he would, and there would spring up all around him a vigorous *Asa*, innocent, and never ceasing so long as he remained in sight. Old tottering men and women, middle-aged and young people, girls and boys, negro slaves, and even the priests, joined in the universal, execrating him, and then the

dogs caught at the echo, and because they could not him, they howled at the miserable defaulter with all their might.

The purgatory grew to an absolute hell, in which the unhappy man could neither live or get away from. Yet, there was one possible pathway opened for his escape, and that awful, always-contained his compelled him to accept it.

The buried suburb lay there embayed in sand for several years, and then it occurred to the city authorities that it would be a capital policy to remove the deposits, disinter the houses and render them again habitable. So they set about the enterprise directly—Brazilian fashion.

Mustering every available basket and nigger, male and female, in the city, they set them sweeping out the sandhill, and bearing it away on their heads. But instead of filling up and making level the large square not far from the buried houses called the *Place de Justice*, nearly half of which was a *freg-pond*, the sand-bearers marched three times the distance to the water, and dumped their buckets of sand off a wharf into the very best water there was in the harbor.

When the black swarm had piled their labors a month or so, and filled up the dock so that not another vessel could ever get near it; there came on a mighty *pampers*, and in twenty-four hours the breach made by the darkness was all filled in smooth and solid again, and the attempt to dislodge the buried suburb was never renewed.

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Gadall Gleanings.

Aunt Scranton Discourses on Venetian Blinds.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ERAW.

There came to Portalegre an American brig, and when she was ready to sail, Lewis Monroe shipped in her before the man; his wife shippping at the same time as steward. It was galling to him, but not a thousandth part so bitter as the contemptuous, mighty hispion from the thousand tongue as the brig swung away from the wharf, crowded with all sorts of citizens eager to give the departing defaulter their farewell kiss.

Perhaps this Brazilian custom adopted by us in this country, and put in practice universally, might produce a salutary effect in the same direction.

While discussing customs, perhaps it may interest some few of us to take a brief view of Brazilian social indoor life by lamplight.

Let us suppose that some one of life's vicissitudes has put you down in some interior Brazilian village, where beyond the family into which you have happened to drop, you do not know a single soul, and have not at command ten consecutive words of Portuguese. You have understood from good authority, that you may go out and go anywhere and make acquaintances. So early in the evening you sally forth and begin reconnoitering. Passing along the street you come to a house of the better class, with the front shutters wide open, the sash in the two great windows fast up a flood of brilliant light streaming out, and within a lady at a piano, two or three, or perhaps half a dozen couples on the floor, whirling in waltz, polka, or *bolero*, beyond them a banquet of choice viands and sparkling wine, and around it assembled brave seniors and beautiful seniors, all hilarious and happy.

You approach the open window, cross arms on the low sill, lay yourself upon your arms, and look upon the joyous scene. A brilliant little black-eyed, dark-brown beauty clad like a sylphide drifts down towards you, crosses her arms on the sill so close that one of them encloses your own very sisterly like, leans upon her arms just as you are doing, and that brings her head so close to yours that all those ringlets of jet shading one side of her face go against your cheek with a swing that makes it tingle, and your heart too. Then the siren turns a pair of the prettiest vermilion lips you ever dreamed of close to your ear, and whispers like to three low notes of a lover's flute:

"*Eu sou noches, senor.*"

You understand so much, of course, and respond to it in kind. Then the siren flutes again:

"*Era praqui, senor, jas favour.*"

That is not quite so clear, but you guess it signifies, "Come in, sir, if you please." That is precisely what it does mean. So you go to the door, clap your hands three times smartly, to announce yourself, take off your hat—no one in Brazil ever strides into any one's house with his hat on—and jams it on firmer as he goes in. They are all too well-bred for that. Well, you remove your hat and go in. Everybody salutes you with "Viva, senor—bienvenido!" and you salute everybody. Then the siren comes to you with a flute invitation to take a turn on the floor, and you take several or more. Some one else invites you to the banquet, and you click glasses with a dozen enchantresses, drink everybody's health, especially the siren's, nibbles slices a minute or two, click glasses, and drink more healths; arise to go—somebody invites you to call again, to come when you please; you don't understand half of that. Siren takes your hand and goes to the door with you—Sutes "Adios, amico mio!" You understand all of that, and whisper just above your breath, "God bless that little siren!" as you pass on to repeat the entertainment.

Suppose you were to try the experiment of poking your head into some stranger's window that way in the United States. Do you think you'd find siren's curling against your cheek? The probable result would be a pop from a revolver or a *bar* with a bootjack. "So many countries, so many customs," the Spaniards say.

Suppose we take a short run out of society into the sand.

The beautiful country along the coast, to the southward of Rio, continues as far to the south as Cape St. Maria Grande, from whence it begins to put off its beauties, assuming barren desolation gradually, until it subides finally about Rio Grande *de sul* into a bare desert of sand.

The city of Rio Grande, containing some eighteen thousand inhabitants, including the seven thousand slaves and free blacks, and probably thirty thousand dogs of every breed and race that ever yelped, is situated on the extremity of a low narrow peninsula jutting out into the estuary of the Rio Grande, some four miles wide at this point. The city is eighteen miles from the sea, built on this narrow neck of sand with conical peaks and sand-hills, all between it and the sea—sand-hills all the time and the sea—sand-hills all the time, and nothing in sight but the estuary, and everywhere sand-hills so unstable and continually shifting with the strong winds of the country, so that at night you may be down with a topographical knowledge of your surroundings that makes every peak and cone of sand familiar, and in the morning, when you look abroad, there is not a feature recognizable. Every appearance, as far as you can see, has been changed as if by magic.

The *pampers*—called thus from the circumstance of their blowing off from the *pampas*—make havoc with sand-hills, and houses too. At times these fierce gales come on from the west or southwest, at first moderate, accompanied by rain, and increase gradually in violence until they blow a perfect hurricane. They are most frequent during the winter months—that is, from May to September—but occur sometimes at all other seasons.

During my first year in Brazil I passed the month of June in Rio Grande. The city was at that time threatened by a strong revolutionary force that lay between it and Pelotas. To shut the rebel army out, some Solomon advised the building of a *board fence* across the narrow neck, a third of a mile to the westward of the town; so they built their fence twelve feet high, of common pine inch boards, nailed to slim cedar posts, and slept securely behind their defences.

The rebels didn't come down, but the *pampers* did in a day or two, in its moderate period, drifting and banking up the board fence, and covering it up, and running up a sharp ridge right

across the neck, effectually fencing the rebels out and the *pampers* grew to a hurricane, it swept the sand over the ridge in clouds, and inside of three days it buried some forty houses, in the western suburbs entirely out of sight.

The buried suburb lay there embayed in sand for several years, and then it occurred to the city authorities that it would be a capital policy to remove the deposits, disinter the houses and render them again habitable. So they set about the enterprise directly—Brazilian fashion.

Mustering every available basket and nigger,

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When the black swarm had piled their labors a month or so, and filled up the dock so that not another vessel could ever get near it; there came on a mighty *pampers*, and in twenty-four hours the breach made by the darkness was all filled in smooth and solid again, and the attempt to dislodge the buried suburb was never renewed.

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I KNOW THAT I LOVE HER.
FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY LILLIAN HOPE.

I know that I love her, I will not deny it,—
Really delicious love is by the way;
Isn't it best for you, Harry, to try it?
There is someone little Annabel Grey,—

I cannot declare that she's waiting for you, Hal,
She plays with her beau as a child with a toy;
Yet I believe that the girl can be true, Hal;
Isn't she worthy the asking, my boy?

What is the name of your very fine color?—
Wonder if speaking of her makes you blush!—
Sure the sweet Annabel cannot be duller
Then—What have I said that you tell me to
hush?

Now if you love her, I'm happy to know it,
If she'll be wanted into loving you well!—
Aye, but you have the disease for you show it;
Glad am I, too, that she's cousin to Nell!

Go as I did to my dear little girl, Hal,
True, for the present I'm only a clerk,
Yet my poor heart is in such a sad whirl, Hal,
For her I am ready and willing to work.

"Charley," her father said, over so kindly,
"My daughter is pleasant, and pretty, and good.
You love her, I'm willing, but do not love
blindly.

The care that must come, is it well understood?"

I've health and I've hope, sir, tho' never an
aore,

And, with her earnest words helping me on,
If she will come to me, bless her, I'll take her,
Feeling that life has them really begun.

"That is the spirit, my boy," said her father,—
Who, by the way, has a plenty of pelf,
"I could assist you, but much would I rather
See in your strength to depend on yourself."

Aye, on myself, and how gently I'll guide her!
Over life's rough and tempestuous sea!
Never a shadow of ill shall beseide her!
I love her, and oh! I am sure she loves me.
Herkimer, N. Y.

PROVING AN ALIBI.
(CONCLUDED.)WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY ESSEX.

PART II.

It was at Niagara that Flora first heard of Anthony's murder and of Charlie's arrest. For three weeks she had been journeying through Canada, and during that time she had received scarcely any letters, and had seen really no papers that would contain any mention of the affair. All this happened before the war, when daily news was by no means so important as now, so that although she might at Quebec or elsewhere on her trip have obtained the New York papers, it had never seemed to her as worth while. When they reached Niagara, however, her first inquiry was for letters, as it seemed to her very long since she had heard from her little girl. Several were handed to her, but the first one opened was that from her mother. Her little one was well; and after giving her this assurance, Mrs. Leroy went on to tell her daughter the gossip of the day, foremost among which was the recent news that Charlie Wentworth was committed for trial.

"You must have been very much shocked to hear of Mr. Anthony's murder," her mother wrote, "who would have thought that Charlie Wentworth would have been capable of such an act! But the evidence against him seems to be overwhelming; and I see by today's paper that the grand jury have found a true bill against him, and he is committed for trial at Scudport, in September."

As Flora read, the words seemed to reel and dazzle before her. All these weeks she had been thinking of Charlie. Night and day the remembrance of his tender words, his chivalrous devotion had haunted her, and long before this she had learned the secret of her own heart, and knew why it was that she had looked forward with such delight to returning to the city and seeing him once again. And now he was not there; he was no longer free to come and go as he chose, to meet her as an honorable man bearing an honorable name, but crushed down under a weight of infamy, a prisoner under this horrible accusation of murder! From the few words in her mother's letter she had no clue to when all this might have happened, and for one awful moment her brain reeled as she thought that it might perhaps be true that he had committed this crime, but then it seemed as if she could see those fearless blue eyes looking into hers, and she blushed with indignation at herself for supposing that open brou could bear the mark of Cain. If she had loved him before, she loved him ten thousand times more now, with the instinct of a true woman's heart; he was alone, sad and suffering, murmured to herself, "to think that he is in prison, and I have not the right to comfort him!"

For a few moments she was almost stupified with grief; then on a sudden, she roused herself with the thought that perhaps if she knew all the circumstances of the murder she might suggest some proof of innocence that no one had yet thought of, and without losing a moment, she hurried out of her room in search of Mr. Jackson, who was the elderly gentleman of the party. She could not find him till she had rung the bell in the parlor, and sent a waiter in search of him, then it seemed to be an age before he appeared. When he did come in he was inexplicably flushed at Flora's changed appearance and frightened pallor.

"Good heavens! Mrs. Templeton," he exclaimed, "what has happened?"

Flora had now reflected on what might be inferred from her interest in this matter, but she cared little enough just now for appearances or conventionalities.

"I have a letter from my mother," she said, in a voice which was painfully hoarse, "and in it she says that— that Mr. Wentworth has been arrested for the—the—the—" she could not utter the next word.

"I know, I know," said Mr. Jackson, "for the murder of Simon Anthony; a horrible affair surely, and I never would have thought Charlie Wentworth could have done such a thing."

"Then you have seen it in the papers?"

"Yes, I was looking over the files of the Herald just now, and no one serves it."

"Will you please send me all the papers that tell anything about it?"

"Certainly, certainly, my dear Mrs. Templeton; will you have them here?"

"No, in my room please."

"You shall have them directly."

"Thank you."

And as Flora walked slowly away, Mr. Jackson shook his head. He had discovered the young widow's secret, he thought, and knew now the reason why she had been so indifferent to all the attention she had received in their summer trip.

"I wonder which of them it is," he thought. "I've heard that they were both attentive to her; it can't be Anthony, he was such a prig, it must be Charlie Wentworth's handsome face that has made the impression, poor thing! poor thing! Well, perhaps after all, it will come out that he did not do it."

In a few moments Flora had the papers in her possession and was devouring them eagerly, breathlessly, with eyes that seemed to seize the meaning of the words without waiting for the slow process of scanning every one, and a mind that grasped every point that bore upon his possible innocence. From the first discovery of the fact that the murder was committed in Scudport, and on the night before she left, Flora felt a glad, triumphant thrill, for she knew then that he was guiltless, and after that she could go on to the details with a heart, heavy enough it is true at thought of all he had suffered, but full of a strong, deep hope and confidence in his final vindication.

Flora caught the expression and hurried to an explanation.

"We were out sailing, and the wind died down. Mr. Jackson, you know me well enough to have confidence in me, I am sure. We were unavoidably detained out until that hour, and since the time that he was arrested he has refused to tell where he spent that fatal evening, for fear of compromising me. He has been willing to die a horrible death, under a false accusation, rather than to cause me a moment's embarrassment."

"He's a brave fellow!" cried Mr. Jackson, springing up, "and you're a noble woman, Mrs. Templeton."

"You know it all now, Mr. Jackson. The trial is fixed for to-morrow, and with the utmost of travelling, I may come too late. Oh! what must he have thought of me, that I have been away enjoying myself, while he has been suffering all this shame, when a word from me would have saved him!"

"But you will save him yet, Mrs. Templeton—you will save him yet," said Mr. Jackson kindly. "I see now the necessity for your immediate departure, and I will not oppose it; more than that, I will go with you as far as New York."

This kind offer Flora would have opposed. She knew that Mr. Jackson was very much of an invalid, and exceedingly dependent on her husband, but the kind old gentleman would not hear to any other arrangement, more than that he undertook to shield Flora from all remark.

"And then with a wildly beating heart she saw why it was that he had refused to account for that last evening, and realized with a three of intense devotion that as he had sworn to her, he was about literally to prove that he would die sooner than betray any trust which she had placed in him.

What now to her were detractions or animadversions or conventionalities? she could prove that he could not have committed this foul crime, and she would save his life even if it cost her her reputation to do it. The frowns and sneers of all the world were as nothing to her, now that this terrible reality had brought her face to face with life and death, and made her feel that the safety of this man was more to her than anything else on the earth.

For some moments she was so dazzled by the revelation of feeling in this new thought, this glorious consciousness of his noble devotion to her, that she forgot that she had not yet learned all that it was necessary for her to know, then with a sudden recollection she picked up the paper and read the closing sentences of the report.

"All the circumstances of this atrocious murder seem peculiarly painful. The prisoner is a young man of high connections, who will involve a most respectable family in his disgrace, while his victim seems to be entirely without near relatives, and his sudden death has left his affairs in considerable confusion. Advantage has been taken of this, we understand, by some designing persons to draw out large sums in bank, by checks now supposed to be forged, suspicion points to his servant, a certain Thomas Brown, who, it will be remembered, availed himself of the confusion consequent on the murder to rob his master of various valuable articles of jewelry and a considerable amount of money. A warrant has been issued for this man's arrest, and it is hoped he will be long be secured. The trial of Charles Wentworth is fixed for the second Wednesday in September."

"What, so soon?" Flora faintly gasped as she read these last words, "the second Wednesday in September, that must be next week" for like most ladies Flora had very little idea of the exact day of the month. "What day is to-day? Tuesday?" And after looking for the last passage on file she found the date—"The seventh; the month then came in on Wednesday. Great heavens! the trial is to-morrow!" She started to her feet with an actual cry of anguish as she made this discovery. "To-morrow! and I am five hundred miles away!"

For one moment she was actually stupefied with horror; then on a sudden, she roused herself with the thought that perhaps if she knew all the circumstances of the murder she might suggest some proof of innocence that no one had yet thought of, and without losing a moment, she hurried out of her room in search of Mr. Jackson, who was the elderly gentleman of the party. She could not find him till she had rung the bell in the parlor, and sent a waiter in search of him, then it seemed to be an age before he appeared. When he did come in he was inexplicably flushed at Flora's changed appearance and frightened pallor.

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"Ah! Mrs. Templeton, ready for tea al-

ready?" Mr. Jackson said as he came forward.

"No—that is, I had not thought of tea," replied Flora. "Mr. Jackson, I sent for you to say that I must have tea at once."

"Leave here!—what, to night?" exclaimed Mr. Jackson in blank astonishment.

"Yes, in the first train that will take me east, whenever that goes."

"There is one at nine o'clock, but dear me, you can't go at night, and alone."

"Yes, I can and must," replied Flora. "It is a matter of life and death."

"Bless my soul, Mrs. Templeton!—this is very sudden," said Mr. Jackson, dropping into a chair. "I hope it is no bad news about your mother or child."

"No; they are very well indeed, Mr. Jackson. I owe it to you, for your constant kindness to me, to give you my reasons. I must go to Scudport with all the speed that is possible, for I can prove that Mr. Wentworth is innocent."

"You, Mrs. Templeton!"

"Yes. If you have read the details of the examination before the grand jury, you have seen that Mr. Anthony must have been murdered before one o'clock at night. Now, Mr. Wentworth was with me until that time." And Flora could not repress a blush as she uttered the words.

"There, there! Well, I'm delighted to think he is innocent. But, Mrs. Templeton, why should you trouble yourself to make this journey? Of course there were other people who knew where he was that night."

"No, Mr. Jackson; we were alone together." And the good old gentleman averted his eyes with a look of pain, as he noted the deep crimson that dyed Flora's cheeks as she made this confession.

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"We were out sailing, and the wind died down. Mr. Jackson, you know me well enough to have confidence in me, I am sure. We were unavoidably detained out until that hour, and since the time that he was arrested he has refused to tell where he spent that fatal evening, for fear of compromising me. He has been willing to die a horrible death, under a false accusation, rather than to cause me a moment's embarrassment."

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This kind offer Flora would have opposed. She knew that Mr. Jackson was very much of an invalid, and exceedingly dependent on her husband, but the kind old gentleman would not hear to any other arrangement, more than that he undertook to shield Flora from all remark.

The party of friends were to be informed simply that she had received bad news, which obliged her to leave at once, and her departure was to be so managed as to save her the trial of all leave-taking.

It was all arranged as she would have wished. Flora had a cup of tea in her room, and as her things had never been unpacked, she had nothing to do but wait with intolerable impatience for the time to arrive when she might feel that she was at last beginning the journey that was to take her to the rescue of this noble young man whom she so loved.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The permission was granted, and the good gentleman hurried out. He had used the mattock prudently, as a fact, not knowing whether Flora could prove the fact herself, or give a clue to bring up some one else. Indeed, as he read the note, he scarcely knew what it was from, and it was only when he reached the small side room where she waited, that he realized that the lady who had written it was the pretty widow he had that summer casually met in society.

Flora was deadly pale and worn with long travelling. She had come directly from the station to the court without waiting for a moment's refreshment; and now that she had reached the end of her journey, she was so agitated that she could scarcely speak.

"Good God! Mrs. Templeton!" exclaimed Mr. Putnam, as he met her wild, questioning look.

"He is not condemned—I am not too late!" she gasped, as she sprang forward to meet him.

"No, no indeed! If you can save him, there is yet time."

"Thank God! I thank God!" cried Flora with inexpressible relief. "I was five hundred miles away when I heard it. I have travelled day and night. There was an accident last evening, I could not get a telegram sent, and I have been so afraid I was too late."

"No, my dear lady. But how can you help him? Do you know where he was that night?"

"Yes, Mr. Putnam. He was with me!"

"Ah! I see all," said Mr. Putnam a little eagerly, as wishing to con the lady's confession. "What a noble fellow! He would not listen to our entreaties to him to explain how he spent that night. We have tried in vain to obtain every clue to where he was. He would have died before he would have spoken. But it is all right now, as you are willing to tell this."

"Willing!" exclaimed Flora. "Do you think care for appearances in a case like this? We were out sailing together, and were detained."

And in a few rapid words she told the story of that night. Mr. Putnam listened eagerly, and suggested at once that the man from whom they hired the boat could corroborate her statement. Flora told where he was to be found, and a message was despatched for Capt. Jones, while Flora returned with the lawyer to the court-room.

There had been much whispering and wondering at the lawyer's strange absence. Charlie had scarcely raised his head at the interruption, for he knew only one thing could save him, and that he regarded as impossible. The delay, therefore, only annoyed him, as prolonging his torture. His father, indeed, had looked up eagerly, and Mr. Gray had given him a reassuring nod, but the time was growing long, and the judge gave signs of impatience, when way was made through the crowd for the new witness, and, to the astonishment of the wondering throng, Mrs. Templeton appeared on the stand.

Flora's face was radiantly lovely as she took her place, the color had come into her cheeks, and the light into her eyes, with the certainty that she could save her noble lover. As Charlie looked up at the bustle of her entrance, and saw before him the woman he so loved, the blood rushed to his face, and he started to his feet with a half-suppressed cry. All the sorrow that he had endured were to his heart repaid in the rapture of the triumphant smile with which she met his gaze, and the glad, grateful look that shone out in her eyes through the tears that filled them, in sympathy for him.

Judge Dalton was intensely amazed; he looked once at her through his spectacles, then he looked over them, and finally he took them entirely off, and wiped them, as if he could not believe their evidence, that his niece, whom he had thought so far away, could suddenly appear here in the witness box.

The oath was administered to Flora amid a dead silence, and then Mr. Putnam addressed her.

"Will you be kind enough, Mrs. Templeton, to tell us where you were on the evening of the twentieth of August last?"

"I was out sailing with Mr. Wentworth," replied Flora, unhesitatingly.

Judge Dalton leaned forward almost as if he were about to speak in denial of the statement. Flora glanced up at him, and continued,

"I was staying at my uncle Judge Dalton's. He and my aunt were out at a dinner party at General Conrad's, when Mr. Wentworth came for me, so that I could not tell them of my absence. We took a boat from Captain Jones', and started about eight o'clock, intending to return by ten, but the wind died entirely down when we were about five miles from home. Mr. Wentworth was obliged to row home. There was only one hole pin on board, and he could use but one oar. It was very slow work. We did not reach the shore till after twelve."

"You are sure of the exact hour?" asked Mr. Putnam.

"Yes, sir; for I was exceedingly annoyed at being out so late, and looked constantly at my watch."

"I believe that will do," said Mr. Putnam, kindly, for he saw that Flora began to look very pale again under the pain of concentrated stare of all those eager eyes.

"One moment, if you please, Mrs. Templeton," interposed the prosecuting attorney.

"Mr. Wentworth walked home with you, of course?"

"Yes, sir."

"And I suppose your friends at the house can corroborate your statement as to what time you reached there?"

Flora colored as she heard the question, and Charlie looked more pained than he had during all his own trial as he saw her suffering.

"No, sir," she replied, after a moment. "There was no one up in the house."

"Ah! Well, now, can you tell what time it was when he left you?"

"Not quite one o'clock."

The attorney paused a moment, and Mr. Putnam claimed the recall of the landlord of the Beach House. He had already sent for him, and when he was placed on the stand he had his question all ready.

"Mr. Clark, will you please tell us what time it was when you brought the body of Mr. Anthony into the house?"

"A quarter before one."

"How do you know?" demanded the prosecuting attorney.

"Because I looked at the clock in the office when I carried the body in there."

"Now, Mrs. Templeton, will you be kind enough to tell us where Mr. Wentworth was at a quarter to one?" asked Mr. Putnam.

This time a deep crimson swept over Flora's pale cheeks, but she answered unhesitatingly, "In my room."

At this reply Judge Dalton looked down with a stern frown, and Charlie once again started to his feet.

"Ah, ha!" snarled the attorney. "And where were you?"

"Outside, sir, on the lawn," replied Flora, with cool dignity. "When I reached home I thought it not worth while to disturb any one, and Mr. Wentworth went into my room to get a chair by which to assist me to climb in at the window; while he was gone I looked out at the window, and it was just a quarter to one."

"Hum!" said the prosecutor. "And how comes it that none of these facts appeared before?"

"Because I have been away in Canada, and never heard of the trial till day before yesterday; and because Mr. Wentworth was so noble, that he would not subject me to the suspicion of an imprecision, even to save his life."

"Then the prisoner is a very particular friend of yours?" suggested the attorney, with a suspicious smile.

This was too much, Charlie started up in his place again.

"My God, Judge Dalton," he exclaimed, "is not my innocence sufficiently proved to permit me to defend this lady from such imputations?"

"The prisoner at the bar must respect the court," replied Judge Dalton, in a tone he in vain endeavored to make stern, but indeed his words were almost drowned in the murmur of indignation against the attorney and admiration for Flora and Charlie.

"I think you may go now, Mrs. Templeton," Mr. Putnam said, offering her his arm when calmness was a little restored, and Flora went away with one more bright look of triumph at Charlie's now happy face.

The crowd in the court-room could hardly be restrained, and outside would they break out with cheers of delight as she made her way through them to the carriage.

"It will be all right now, Mrs. Templeton. You have saved him," said Mr. Putnam, gleefully, as he handed her in, "he will come and tell you so himself this evening."

Flora dropped back on the seat with a long sigh of relief as she drove away to her aunt's to ascertain her with the strange story, and seek the rest she so much needed.

On his return to the court-room, Mr. Putnam had all his own way. Captain Jones being put on the stand, testified that by reference to his book he found that one of his boats had indeed been out very late on the evening of the twentieth of August; how late he could not say, as he had gone out with a gentleman and lady early in the evening, and had not returned when he went to bed. One of the waiters of the hotel had come down next morning and paid him in the gentleman's name so handsomely that he had never thought of making any inquiries; neither had he thought much about who the gentleman was till this afternoon when he was sent for as a witness.

Mr. Putnam's speech this time was very short, or exceeding to the point; he gave a brief outline of the facts of the case, spoke of Charlie's having left his cane at home, painted his anxiety to return on the lady's account, and described his having blistered his hands in the endeavor, and how this fact had been turned to his disadvantage. He dwelt at some length on his high character that ought to have placed him above the suspicion; spoke of his noble self-sacrifice in refusing to compromise a lady who was aware of her youthful weakness, and who loved her in spite of it.

She did not utterly forget Harold French.

She was neither weak-minded, nor false-hearted.

She did not forget Harold French: but, remembering him only made her think the more fondly of Frank Burgoynes than one human being can utterly forget another who has been near and dear, and much spoken about.

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She did not forget Harold French: but, remembering him only made her think the more fondly of Frank Burgoynes than one human being can utterly forget another who has been near and dear, and much spoken about.

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met Mr. Frank, and he told me. He wanted Frank. I hope Frank will come to-night," she continued, hopefully.

Then the dull lethargy of sorrow that had been Mrs. Leigh's portion since her husband's death dissolved suddenly, and she threw her arms closely, tenderly, piningly, round her daughter's neck, as she sobbed out,

"Poor child! my own poor child! He will never come again!"

"Mother! Mother!"

The girl was on her feet in an instant. She had started erect with fatal suddenness, as if shot through the heart.

"He is alive!" Mrs. Leigh cried eagerly. She read right the generous anguish that was Theo Leigh's first pang. His daughter's first thought was of death, not desertion. As I said once before, Theo Leigh never believed people to be better than they were.

"Then he has left me too," Theo wailed. "Mother, dearest, don't look at me in that way. I shall not die, though I have so little to live for."

CHAPTER XLV.

LATE REMORSE.

When Frank Burgoynes had done the deed, he had spoken the few words which made manifest that which was within his vacillating heart to Sydney,—he felt cast down and sorry. There was none of successful love's elation in his soul or on his brow. He knew that he had done a mean thing. He also knew that the girl for whom he had done it would no more have the power to make him feel all things to be well lost in winning her, than any other woman had had the power to hold him heretofore. He also felt—in and in feeling this there was much natural soreness—that this change he had made, which could not be concealed an hour longer than necessary in honor, would not only damage him with his grandfather, but sorely distress the latter. He would now for a certainty deem his grandson capable of all the Hugo iniquities; and Frank acknowledged to himself that he would be deemed as not altogether unjustify.

It was made patent to him at once that the fetters he had himself adopted in such awkward unseemly haste would be riveted fast and sure. It was made patent to him at once that Sydney was a young lady of immense determination. It was made patent to him at once that he had been egregiously mistaken in imagining it to be feasible to play with fire without burning his fingers.

That first ignorance of his with the parent Scotts was an awful ordeal, a memorable misery. He would have given much to evade it, but his days of evading aught that Sydney desired should be faced, were over. As soon as those sensations set in to which allusion was made at the commencement of this chapter—as soon, that is, as the small exigent consequent on a verbal declaration of a change of faith, had faded away, and he began to feel cast down and sorry, he proposed "going away."

He proposed this in a half-guilty way—in a way that plainly showed that he felt his proposition would be opposed, and Sydney opposed it promptly.

"Go away! Why?" she asked. "No, Frank, do stay and see papa now; you ought to stay and see papa."

"I will write him a line to-night," he said, hesitatingly.

"That won't do at all," she replied, resolutely; "they're very particular, and they're very fond of me. Your going away won't look well to them."

"But Sydney—" he began, taking her hand caressingly.

"But Frank," she interrupted quickly, "if after all, you can't face it, how can you think of leaving me to face it alone?"

"There is nothing for you to face."

"Oh, isn't there? Oh, isn't there, indeed? Nothing for me to face?" If you think so lightly of me as that, I wonder you could ask me to marry you. I have a feeling; I feel very much, though I always keep up before people."

She became transparent under the eyes as she spoke, after the manner of blondes who restrain their briny tears, and she was very fair.

"My dear Sydney, it's no question of—"

"It's just a question of straightforwardness of speaking, it seems to me," she interrupted. "Papa would think me a sneak if I kept anything from him, and I can tell you I am not going to be the one to speak of our engagement first, so you must stay."

"Our engagement!" The phrase caused him to feel how thoroughly he was "in for it" here, before he was "out of it" in another quarter.

It is hard to say which of these twain, who were to become one flesh, according to Miss Sydney's ordination, would have triumphed, had not Mr. and Mrs. Scott providentially returned at this juncture. They had timed their absence well.

As she entered the room Mrs. Scott became conscious of having that special sanguine hue over her face which bespeaks intense excitement; and it did not seem according to the fitness of things in her estimation that other than the cool and collected side of the family should be shown to Mr. Burgoynes just yet. She therefore endeavored to explain her red cheeks away—much to Sydney's horror.

"This autumn 'tis that is trying when one is weak and given to flushing, that you'd scarcely believe, Mr. Burgoynes," she said, in a voice that was far lower pitched than her natural one, in order to express that delicacy and fatigue for which the occasion called.

Frank looked at her by way of reply—looked at her distrustfully, and thought, "It's very sensible she shall see the inside of my house, if I have to marry her daughter."

"Then, mamma, go and cool yourself, do," Sydney struck in promptly, "and Frank will—won't you, Frank?"

She did not say what Frank would do. But he knew what she meant, and he said, "Yes," with external composure and an internal groan. He knew well that the aforesaid precipitate declaration of a change of faith would have to be repeated in due form to Mr. Scott, and he began to wish that he had not made it at all.

It was an ugly leap truly; but Sydney, the weaker vessel, had gone at a similar one so valiantly that he could not help it for very shame. It was not that he feared that there would be any difficulties thrown in his way on the road side; on the contrary, he knew that it would all be rendered offensively easy to him, as far as they were concerned; but the shadow of that latter which would have to be written to their mother was heavier over him already.

He was nervous in his indecision as regards one thing. It was all made easy for him as far

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as the Scotts were concerned; they were all that was tolerant to what was past, and most falteringly anxious to smooth all obstructions in the future. Mr. Scott slipped him heartily on the back, and put on the last new uniform to sit down to dinner with Frank, the caged; for a promise to stay to dinner was wrong from him on the spot, as soon as ever he had spoken out what Mrs. Scott called "his most honorable intentions."

Sydney was the reverse of ill-natured; nevertheless she gave no very serious thought to what Theo would feel about it at all. One allusion she did make to her former friend, her worsted rival, and odd as it may appear, it was not a disappearing one.

"It will be only fair to let Theo know of this at once, Frank; you must promise me to do that."

She paused; but as he made no answer, she resumed quickly, "If you won't promise me, I tell you I'll make my mother write to her at once; it would be too mean to keep her in the dark."

I do not think that he liked his first evening in the bosom of the family of his affianced. They tried to absorb him too entirely into themselves; to be half-fellow-well-met with him; to be free and unembarrassed, and awfully intimate in a jocular way. Mrs. Scott kept apart from the manner object to the manner affectionate; and Mr. Scott mentioned so many things "by-the-way" to him, that he could do when he took his seat in either House, that the last state of that man was infinitely worse than the first. Moreover, Sydney's habit of putting down both her parents alternately was confusing; this was a thing to grow, he felt; he might, in time, fall under that commanding young manner, which impressed the stranger as being very fresh and frank. He had his gentlemanly, well-bred instincts; blood always "tells" in some way or other; so, though he reminded himself that Sydney "ought not to forget" what he had given up for her" (meaning the way he had risked his honors in respect to Theo Leigh,) he never thought for an instant that Sydney ought to remember the great good a union with him would bring her.

He left at last, and walked up to town, revolving at his leisure the phrasing of that letter which should convey the sorry truth to Leo. "What will she think of me?" he thought. He had no fear of any outburst, any appeal. It was made patent to him at once that he had been egregiously mistaken in imagining it to be feasible to play with fire without burning his fingers.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

what would of passion, of soberer love, of joy in that love, and security in it, there would be a dimming shade cast over all by memory. He would never be quite to himself over what he had been before. The vagueness that would be over Theo Leigh's fate, to him would be a depressing thing, or should that vagueness be dispersed, there might arise a more agonizing certainty.

"Girls don't die of broken hearts in these days, thank the Lord!" he said to himself after a time. But the very fact of his thanking the Lord that the probability was averted, proved that he feared the possibility of its arising. He was very miserable and very cast-down, and later in the night he could but think of how all this would tell upon his prospects at Maddington. The title would be his for a surety, but there was a lot of unentitled property.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Detection of Burglars.

An English writer suggests a contrivance for the better security of property, and by which a burglar might be detected, from which a clever man might develop something better. He proposes a common gas lamp, provided with a red shade, similar to those used on the railroads, should be suspended in the street in front of the bunk or shop where valuable articles are kept: the red shade should be held up above the lamp by a magnet, worked by a small electric battery, situated at any convenient place on the premises: the wire from the battery to the magnet should pass through the safe-doors and drawers containing valuable articles; and as long as the connection is complete between the battery and the magnet, the red shade would be held up in its place above the lamp, showing a white light; but as soon as the connection was broken by opening any of the doors or cases, the magnet would immediately lose its power, and allow the shade to fall in front of the lamp, thus showing a red light, and giving notice to any in the street that something was wrong inside; and when once the shade had fallen, it could not be replaced by the burglar. These magnets are very simple, being made of a piece of soft iron, bent in the form of a horse-shoe, with a coil of copper wire round the ends; and the cost of working the battery would be a trifle.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—The Atlantic Monthly for June contains articles from Gail Hamilton, Kit Marvel, Elizabeth Akers, George Bancroft, Rose Terry, John, Weiss, Mrs. H. B. Stowe, Annie M. Brewster, and several others. It has quite a pastoral tinture this month, as witness Gail Hamilton's article on chickens, and Rose Terry's on cows. The former writes in the same lively, trenchant manner on chickens, as she does on men and women. In the course of her "From Hendrie," she says: "It is said in the country, that if you write a polite letter to rats, asking them to go away, they will go. I received my information from one who had tried the experiment, or known it to be tried with great success. Standing ready always to write a letter on the smallest provocation, you may be sure I did not neglect so good an opportunity. The letter acknowledged their skill and sagacity, applauded their valor and their perseverance, but stated that, in the present scarcity of labor, the resident family were not able to provide more supplies than were necessary for their own immediate use and for that of our brave soldiers, and they must therefore beg the Mousers. Rats to leave their country for their country's good. It was laid on the potato chest, and I have never seen a rat since!"

MURAL TABLET TO PRESIDENT LINCOLN.—The Cincinnati Gazette says the custom of erecting tablets in the walls of churches and public edifices, though fallen into disuse, is worthy of favor, and there are indications that it will be revived. One of these indications is the fact that such a tablet has just been erected to the memory of our late departed President, in the church at College Hill. It is the result of an enterprise conceived and carried out by four young lads—Masters Eddy Brooks, Willie Miller, Bryan Tucker, and Joshua Pieron. It is of white and black marble, and bears the following inscription:

"Abraham Lincoln,
Our Martyred President,
April 15, 1865.
The Children's Memorial."

PULPIT PROPERTY.—It would be prudent for the "watchers on the walls of Zion" to guard young aspirants for pulpits fame against bringing ridicule upon the sacred cause by efforts at singularity.

A clerical student who had won the title of "the exhorter," from the power with which he urged salvation upon sinners, was particularly fond of using striking expressions. During a revival he hit upon the following petition:

"O, Lord, grant to send down Thy inkhorn and mark every sinner in this assembly."

R. E. Lee, late General, will soon leave Richmond and repair to his farm, situated near the White House, on the Pamunkey river, to spend the remainder of his days in agriculture—if un molested by the Government. His son, Orestes Lee, is already on the farm alluded to, and is doing his ploughing in person.

AN ENGLISH MARRIAGE-PARTY lately had a time of it in London. They went to the church, found it closed, and after getting the keys had to force the vestry door, when they had neither surplus, books, or register. A sheet was borrowed in which the minister was pinned, and while waiting for a messenger to return with the register, the party amused themselves by ringing the three bells on the church, all of which disengaged the regular viens, who did not marry them, that he assigned a solemn service for Friday, March 24th, "to avert the wrath of Almighty God, and to deprive his righteous judgment, in consequence of the profanation of his sanctuary on Monday last." Divine service will commence at 1:30 P. M. Ezekiel, v. 11—Alfred Fowall, vicar."

"Why, bless you, ma'am, you can't eat either—unless you feed her on mush or short-cake. I never heard tell of putting a set of teeth in a cow; don't believe it can be done."

"Why, bless you, ma'am, honey! I believe she's a witch. That ar cow halint got no teeth, that's avaris. But I don't see how you can find that out on time 'most."

The next offer was decidedly the handsomest cow in the yard. A fine-built, red and white animal, just in her prime. I would have taken her at five dollars advance, in preference to any other cow in the yard. The Yankee mechanic laughed, shook his head, and objected:

"O no, thank ye, ma'am. I can't afford to keep a cow that goes dry four months before calving time."

"For the Lord! Mr. Birney, I most believe you is the real old devil himself!"

"O no, Mrs. Conness, The devil can't keep cows on his plantation. Too hot there. 'Twould dry up the best cow in Georgia in fifteen minutes. Now, Mrs. Conness, I want a cow—

a good one; and if you'll let me have my choice out of that lot, I'll give you forty dollars for her."

"Why, bless the good Lord, honey! I have been telling you for the last two

years there was not a pane of glass in those windows."

AN ENGLISH COLONEL ON THE REBEL "BLACK HOLE."—Col. Hatch, one of the rebel commissioners of exchange of prisoners, is now in Libby Prison. Just after his imprisonment he sent for General Malford, our commissioner of exchange, and asked:

"Do you think it is proper treatment for me?"

"What is the matter?" inquired Malford.

"Don't you see," replied Hatch, with profound emphasis, "that there is not a pane of glass in these windows?"

"Oh, is that all!" answered Malford. "Why Hatch, I have been telling you for the last two

years there was not a pane of glass in those windows."

WIT AND HUMOR.

Blowing a Love Letter.

An amusing instance of Hibernian simplicity is afforded by the following little story, told us by a friend, in whose words we give it:—

Molly, a housemaid, is a model one, who handles the broomstick like a sceptre, and who has an abhorrence for dirt and sympathy for people, that amounts to a passion. She is a bonny, bustling, busy, rose-cheeked, bright-eyed, blushing Hibernian, who hovers about our book shelves, makes war upon our papers, and goes about thinking for new worlds to conquer, in the shape of undusted and unlighted corners.

One day she entered our library in a confused and uncertain manner, quite different from her usual bustling way. She stood at the door with a letter between her thumb and finger, which she held at arm's-length, as if she had a gunpowder pistol in her grasp. In answer to our inquiries as to her business, she answered:—

"An' it please yer honor, Paddy O'Reilly, and the bosther than him doesn't breathe in cold Ireland, has been writhin' to me a leather—a love leather, please your honor; an'—an'—"

We guessed at her embarrassment, and offered to relieve it, by reading the letter. Bill she hesitated, while she twisted a bit of raw cotton in her finger.

"Shure," she resumed, "an' that's just what I want; but it isn't a gentleman like yourself that would be knowing the secrets between us, and so—here she twisted the cotton quite nervously, "if it'll only please yer honor, while you're reading it, so that ye may not hear it yourself, if ye'll just put this bit of cotton in yer ear an' stop up yer earin', and then the secrets will be unknown to ye."

We hadn't the heart to refuse her, and with the gravest face possible, complied with her request; but often since, we have laughed heartily as we have related the incident.

Josh Billings on Shanghai.

The shanghai reuter is a gentle, and speaks in a form tung. He is bit on piles like our Sandy Hill cranes. If he had bin hit with legs he'd wed resemble the peruvian lama. He is not a game animal, but quite often comes off a hand boat in a ruff and tumble fit; like the Indians that kant stand civilization, and are fast disappearing. The room on the ground similar to the mud-turtle. The oft go to sleep standing, and sum times pitch over, and when they dew they enter the ground like a pickaxe. There feed consists uv corn in the ear. The crow like a jackson, troubled with the bronkessucks. The will eat as much to eat as a distict skul master, and generally sit down rite oph tow keep from tipping over. The are dreadful unbandy to kook, you have to bide one end uv them to a time, you kant git them away into a potash kittie tu eat. The female reuter lays an egg as big as a kokonut, and is sick for a week afterwards, and when she hatches out a litter of young shanghia, she has to brood over them standing, and then kant biver but a uv them, the rest stand around on the outside, like boys around a circus tent, giving a papp under the hanvass when ever they can. The man who fust brought the breed into this country ought to own them all and be obliged to feed them on grasshoppers caught bi hand. I never owned but one, and he got choked to death by a kink in a clothes line, but not till he had swallowed 18 feet of it. Not enny shanghi for me, if you please; I would rather board a traveling carpenter, and as for raising one, give me a biled owl rare dun, or a turkeus buzzard, roasted hole, and stuffed with a pair of injus rubber boots, but not enny shanghi for me, not a shanghi!—Pugnacious.

The Advantage of Security.

Some weeks ago, I strolled into a friend's counting-room. He being absent, I commenced a chat with his clerk, when a good-looking "collud pusun" entered, doffed his easor, and said:—

"Mas' Bob, can you lend me a quarter till dis armoond, and I pay him, sartain?"

Bob applied his dexter to his vest pocket, but it made "no sign." I turned.

"Well, Buck, you look tolerably honest, but as I don't know you, if you will give me scrounch, I'll lend you the quarter."

His eye brightened as he asked,—

"Mas' Bob, will you go my security?"

"Yes," replied Bob.

I forked over. Some time afterwards, wending the same way, as I was about to enter the office, the identical Buck stood before me.

"Buck, where's my quarter? You didn't pay me, as you promised."

"No, sah, but I gif you security."

"Well, but I want you to pay me,—I lant you the quarter."

"Dat's true, sah, but it am de customs down here to naust de security fust."

Clerical Calls.

An exchange, alluding to the fact that most of the "calls" which modern clergymen feel so imperatively bound to obey, are from comparatively low salaries to high ones, says that these "calls" remind him of the honest old negro's anecdote, which, though well known, is good enough to repeat often.

A certain divined, having concluded to change his pastoral situation, mentioned his determination from the pulpit. After service was over, an old negro, who was one of his admirers, went up to him, and desired to know his motives in leaving his flock. The parson answered, "He had a call."

"Where from, massa?" said the negro.

"The Lord," answered the parson.

"Massa, what you get for preaching here?"

"Six hundred dollars, C'mon."

"And what you get toder place?"

"A thousand."

"Ah, massa, do Lord call you till he be blind from \$1,000 to \$600? you no go!"

A New Name.—A young lady recently entered a shop of a fashionable milliner, for the purpose of making some trifling purchases.

"How is your mother, miss?" politely inquired the lady.

"She is not very well," replied Affectionate.

"Ah! what is the matter with her?"

"She fell down stairs, and hurt her sprained ankle very much."

"Her what?"

"Her sprained ankle."

"Our sprained ankle! what is that?" inquired the pleased mistress.

"Why, her ankle," said the blushing damsel.



PAPA.—"Well, Lucy, what has Miss Trimmer set you to do for to-morrow?"

LECY.—"Oh, papa, dear, it's on parchment in relation to—but you really wouldn't understand it, if I told you."

"Hardly Knew You."

A maiden lady, residing in great seclusion, had not been to church for several years; but, on the accession of a small property, she bought herself a new bonnet, shawl, and dress, with the appropriate gloves, boots, &c., and appeared on the following Sabbath in a style which almost destroyed her identity with the hitherto shabby and homely old maid.

Just as she was walking up the aisle, and as every eye seemed to be turned upon her, the choir commenced singing an anthem, the burden of which was "Hallelujah! Hallelujah!" The indignant spinster retraced her steps down the aisle in high dudgeon, exclaiming,

"Hardly knew you, indeed! Why, this is not the first time I've been dressed up. 'Hardly knew you!' I guess I don't come here again very soon!"

RATHER VARIABLE.—"How do you steer going into the Gut of Canoe?" inquired a mackerel skipper unacquainted with that navigation, of Uncle Zeka Galesby, of the codfish clipper Ten Sisters, of Dennis; and this is the manner of Captain Zeka's answer, about as clear as Carrie—

"Why, that depends a good deal on circumstances, cap'n. Ye see, when I have the wind any way about south-so-west, a little north'ardly with all, I steer in about east-northeast, a quarter west."

Another time, when somebody asked Captain Zeka what was the best wind to get up James River with, he replied, promptly,

"A whirlwind. That's the only wind ever I known that'll blow all the way up James River."

TRUTH WON'T ALWAYS DO.—We once knew a man, who, on his return from a public meeting, burst open his door in his rage, and paced the room back and forth like a caged tiger.

"What is the matter, my dear?" asked the wife.

"Matter!" roared the angry husband, "matter enough! Neighbor B— has publicly called me a liar."

"Oh, never mind that, my dear," replied the good woman, "he can't prove it, and nobody will believe it."

"Prove it, you fool!" roared the madman, more furious than before, "he did prove it. He brought witness and proved it on the spot; else how could I be in such an infernal position?"

When Benjamin parted with Jeff. Davis, he said: "We're both going to the same place." "How is that?" asked Davis. "Well," said Benjamin, "I'm going to Europe, and you're going to your rope."

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Having been kindly offered by the publishers the conductorship of an agricultural column in the SATURDAY EVENING POST, I have only to remark, by way of self-introduction, that "to the best of my knowledge and belief," I will always fill the column so full as I can with the best agricultural material to be found in the market—or what I honestly believe to be such.

COSMO.

CUTTING AND CURING CLOVER.

The cutting and curing of clover hay has been so long and ably discussed—or at least discussed by writers as able as any among us upon other topics—that it seems as if it were quite time that some certain, reliable, never-failing rule for the management of clover, in the cutting, curing and safe-keeping of the material in the best possible condition for winter feeding, ought long since to have been discovered, published everywhere, and practised by everybody having clover hay to cut and keep.

Unfortunately it would seem, however, that is not so; or if the discovery has really been made, and the knowledge has been imparted to fifty thousand or so of us agriculturists, there are not above five out of the whole number who can by any possibility be induced to follow plain, simple directions that would insure, if followed, sweet, bright clover hay so long as a look at it remained.

No; for fear of being imposed upon by an improvement, we prefer to follow our old barbarian practices of murdering clover, and then in the spring put forth our lamentations—A, that his clover is mushy, and the cattle won't eat it; B, that his whole "mow" is semi-carbonized—burned black—worthless—good for nothing. C declares that his clover hay that he put in bright and well cured, came out a rotten, rotten mass—muck. Fit only for manure.

Now it is morally worth while to go into an investigation of facts to ascertain if A and C have cured and properly put away their clover.

That would teach us nothing profitable. The truth is itself clear enough. If we cut, cure, and put away our clover properly, it will come

the fibres of stock all with their ends in the direction of the cut, and triple the duration of cutting capacity.

RAINY DAY.

Farmers, more than any other class of men, perhaps are very apt to say covertly to themselves when they wake in the morning and find it raining, with a prospect of its raining all day—

"Well, let it rain. I don't care much. There is nothing very hurryng on hand. I can rest to-day."

Now that is a mistake—that "nothing very hurryng." All days are hurryng days just at this particular season. Take a look into and through the tool department. The possibility is there will be found work for two or three rainy days—work that is hurryng too. Just as likely as not there is the horse rake, put by in the condition it was used last—a tooth wanting, and one of the handles loose. Put that rake in working order. Then there is the mower—precisely as it was rolled in here after last season's harvesting. The cutters dull as an old hoe, a guide or two missing, a rod bent, several nuts loose, and the seat cracked. Grind up cutters, straighten rods, put to new guides and secure the seat. You will want the machine stored in a few days. Look along further among the farming implements—you will find plenty to occupy you, and a hired man of two bodies. Never idle away a rainy day, particularly in haying and harvest time. There is always enough to be done if you'll only look it up.

the clover when in full bloom, just when the first brown begins to show on the tallest, largest blossoms. Cut always after the dew is well off in the forenoon, and on clear, bright days. Spread evenly after the mower, and let the clover wilt from five to six hours, and then hurry it into cocks of about a hundred pounds each, as fast as possible. Cover with something at night that will keep off the dew, and uncover early in the morning. Let the clover remain in the field two days to cure. Then haul to the barn, and put the material away as follows:

If the barn has a ground "bay," raise a platform of rails or poles, eighteen inches from the ground, and on it lay in the hay two feet deep. Then over the clover spread evenly six inches of any kind of bright, dry straw, or old corn blades or tops, so that they are dry and sound. Then two feet again of clover, and six inches of straw, and so alternate until the "mow" is filled. Cut, cured, and put away thus, clover will come out after a six months' nap, as sweet, bright, and palatable food as was the day it was put away. One of the beauties and advantages of this method is, that if straw be used as an interlayer, the material will become so impregnated with the aroma of the clover, that stock will feed it as readily, and almost as clean, as the clover itself.

The office of the straw is simply that of a ventilator. In all regions where hemlock boughs are procurable, they are preferable to all other material—cut, and laid in green the same as straw, only not more than half as thick. Horned cattle and sheep "brows" greedily on hemlock foliage in winter, and after serving as a ventilator, the material affords both food and medicine for stock.

TOBACCO SUCKING.

No master how much we may rail in private and public—no master how much almost devildom may sough, and sough! and say "abominable"—hounds—odious!" and turn up its pretty nose until it becomes a forced retrograde at smokers and smokers—they will go on chewing and smoking all the more obstinately. And farmers will cultivate the filthy "weed" whenever they find more money in it than there is in wheat or corn, and that area is widening marvelously—our opinion is that whatever tends to lessen the labor of producing the crop in the best condition is worthy of consideration.

Now sucking tobacco is not a laborious performance by any means, but it requires hands nevertheless, and must be done in season, or much of the value of the crop may be wasted in worthless suckers. So if we can conveniently recommend the use of an efficient little home-made sucker, such as we have used for several years in Tobacco Land with success, performing the work of at least five experts with our single hand, the probability is, that it will be worth the tobacco grower's while to look sharp just along here, learn how the thing is made and make one for himself on the forenoon of the first rainy day. He can do it easily enough in an hour if he is provided with brains enough to build an ordinary goose yoke.

Take the blade of any old worthless jack or table knife, about half an inch wide and one and a half inches long. Grind down one end of the bit of steel like a primer chisel, only with a longer slant or bevel. Then take the thumb of an old buckskin glove, or not having that article, sew up—or if you are too clumsy—get Kate or Becky, or mother, wife, or any of the women folks to sew up for you a bit of an old boot leg into a "cot" that will fit your thumb snug. Then on one side of the "cot" sew a strip of the same material lengthwise, forming a sheath, into which thrust the blade so deep that when the cot is fitted to the thumb the cutting edge of the chisel will project three-eighths of an inch below the nail.

Thus armed you may take to the tobacco field, and after an hour's apprenticeship you will be perfectly astonished, perhaps something delighted, at the rapidity with which you can gouge out suckers.

We have either dreamed or read somewhere of a patented tobacco sucker, but if there be such a thing we have no idea what it is like, or where obtainable. This one of ours is neither patented nor patentable, and it having served our purpose most admirably these twenty years, we give it to the public gratis in welcome.

FARMERS—LITERATE.

Moving times—harvest time is close at hand, and you will have a good deal of grinding to do of rasper and mower teeth or cutters, scythes, &c. Do you know that by grinding in the direction of the "cut" the implement will retain its cutting edge just three times as long as if it were ground parallel with the edge? It will. Now the cutting part of your rasper blade is shaped thus—V. Well, by holding the cutting edges at right angles with the moving surface of the grindstone, you draw

a musician, complaining that the tyrant Dionysius gave him nothing, after promising his mask, for the exercises of his art—"You fool, we are quits," said the tyrant; "you tickled my ears, and I did the very same by you."

THE RIDDLE.

Miscellaneous Enigmas.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 35 letters.

My 29, 34, 5, 8, 2, 15, 2, is a boy's nickname.

My 1, 4, 5, 7, 10, 22, 2, 27, 8, 10, 12, 6, is an animal.

My 16, 5, 21, is an oceanic root.

My 9, 12, 15, 21, is part of a day.

My 17, 23, 20, is a species of ox.

My 14, 15, 25, 6, 24, is usually wooden.

My 22, 23, 25, 24, is sometimes very bright.

My 26, 2, 5, 21, 6, 9, 10, 11, 22, 21, is a noted city.

My 19, 6, 8, 24, is a princess.